



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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enable us to *see* the stream of history, which we are trying to follow from (*as near as we can*) its source, and will help us to realize the connection there is between all history, which is one of our principal objects.

I should advise all teachers to invest in Dr. Smith's "Smaller Scripture History" * and his "Smaller Ancient History," which are what we require to help us, mothers and teachers, in tracing the historical life of the Jewish nation, interwoven as it is with Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian and Persian history in its earlier days.

(To be continued.)

* Murray, price 3s. 6d. each.

MEMORIES OF ARNOLD AND RUGBY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL IN 1835, '36 AND '37.

Chiefly Chats with my Youngest Children.

(Continued from "The Parents' Review," Dec., '95, page 759.)

IN THE UPPER FIFTH (JAN., 1836).

IN my House the plan which Arnold had adopted in some other Houses where there was no one in the Sixth, of his paying a visit and formally investing the highest boys with power as præpostors was not carried out: whether from the fact that at some time before I came to Rugby, there had been friction between Arnold and Bird and that thus the latter did not work cordially with his Head Master, of course I should not know.

But my rise to the Upper Fifth caused me I suppose to be transferred, to my disgust, by my House Master, Mr. Bird, to another dormitory.

It was a long, narrow room, with six beds in a row on one side. A seventh by the window at the end on the other was assigned to me. All these six were occupied by the bigger fellows of the House, but none of them higher than the Upper Fourth.

They herded very much together, were looked upon as prone to bully, but with any of them I had seldom been brought into contact. Before I got into bed in my new quarters I knelt down as I had always hitherto done at Rugby. It happened that having now the privilege of sitting up later in my study, I did not come up to the bedroom till after lights were out. I suppose that in this way my custom was not noticed for a while; then, however, came a moon

throwing a grey twilight over the dormitory and especially by the window. When I was observed kneeling, some began to gibe and jeer. As I took no notice this went on for two or three nights, their language getting more personal and worse. Finding that this had no effect they began one night to pelt me with slippers, and as they grew bolder, on another with boots. At last the heel of one struck me violently on the back of the head, knocking it on the bed. What was I to do? I could not tell who was the striker; and I certainly could not attack the whole six, any one of whom was perhaps nearly as strong as myself; so I gave up the contest for a time and crept into bed for some nights without kneeling down. This seemed to placate them, and I then chose the course for the rest of my Rugby life of saying my prayers in my study after reading my Scripture portion, before going up to the dormitory.

It was not long, however, before one, H—, whom I all along suspected of being the leader, began to make insulting remarks in Hall at breakfast. From our position in the School H— sat at the top on the outer, I on the inner side of the senior table. My tormentor, H—, would place himself with his back to the fireplace and address his loud remarks to H—, who was on very good terms with all that set; the more so, may be, as he was inferior to any of them in physique and perhaps even lower than they in moral tone. I had had indeed some time before to give up preparation with H—, clever as he was, for his study was always dirty, and his language tended more and more to filthiness.

After some days I could bear H—'s insolence no longer; so I deliberately rose, stood in front of him, and struck him a backhander across the mouth. I fully expected a blow in return, meaning to bring the matter to an issue by a fight in the Hall or the Close. He had the advantage of me in height and length of arm, but I was perhaps older and at least his equal in strength. To my surprise instead of striking back he blubbered out "what a shame it was to hit him like that." A confused row ensued, his party shouting in his support, and many others that it "served him right." The end of the matter proved a sad topple over for him. He had come to be looked upon as the Cock of the

House from how he had acted in the dormitory and the Hall, but when he took his blow in so cowardly a fashion, for months after, even little boys did not scruple to taunt him.

To finish with my House (though I shall be forestalling the order of time by several weeks) as the spring of the long half-year drew towards summer a pleasant mode of relief occurred to my mind. I dared the unheard-of experiment of setting up a window-box for flowers. Some attempts were soon slyly made from below, but ineffectually, to dislodge it; then one, partially successful, from my neighbour Fuller's study. This I forthwith put a stop to. I was on very good terms with him, but at once told him plainly I should hold him answerable if anything befel from his window. As he was a weakly fellow and I could have squeezed him up like a thread paper, I secured what I may call his benevolent neutrality. And so my plants were allowed to continue to flourish and flower unharmed. I never saw another box in any house then, but when on my visit, five or six years ago, I went to my old House, now Mr. Whitelaw's, I found window-boxes were quite the rage, and that even the dreary old "Quad" was lighted up and pranked with a pretty symmetrical bed of varieties of zonal pelargoniums.

Now it was about March in this year that the Hampden controversy at Oxford took place, on which Dr. Arnold felt deeply. There is distinctly graven on my recollection, as though before me now, not the words, but the manner of a sermon of his in the School Chapel on the subject of which I find no trace in his "Christian Life: Its Course, etc.," though twelve of these sermons were preached while I was at the School.

The Chapel, as in many colleges, was a simple oblong, with the seats ranged on both sides and a clear passage up to the rails of the Communion Table in the middle. Close by them on the right was the pulpit. My place was on the same side nearer the entrance, and as I was all but deaf on my right ear I used to swing myself round to catch the cadences of Arnold's voice and to watch the movements of his head. I do not know whether this was an occasion when Archbishop Whateley was present. But as in speaking he turned round towards the masters' seats, his full face, lighted up by the window beside him, met my earnest gaze; his

features white with suppressed emotion, while the ring of his voice was indignant against injustice. Soon after it was noised about throughout the school that some of the Trustees would force him to resign. My own interest in the result was roused to a painful pitch. I had learned that one of the few Hants Scholarships* at C.C.C. Oxon was expected to be vacant every month; I therefore wrote home to ask that if Arnold resigned I might be allowed to leave and read for this examination under a private tutor. In God's good providence towards every member of Rugby School, Lord Howe's censure fell to the ground, and Arnold was amongst us more firmly rooted than ever.

In my Form the change from the Middle to the Upper Fifth under the Rev. James Prince Lee was like passing from the stormy wind and tempest-tost waves of the open sea, which kept all one's seamanlike qualities at full stretch, into a land-locked harbour with halcyon skies. Prince Lee, who was looked upon as a more widely read critical scholar than Arnold himself, I had already known from my being a private pupil. His front room in the Hillmorton Road was crowded with us; he was hither and thither in a moment round the closely packed tables, just giving a hint to one, making a correction for another, listening to an enquiry from a third, so that with all kinds of work going on the sounds were of an eager and excited Babel. He had once set me a subject for Latin verse. When he came round to me my paper was all but a blank, and when to his quick "How's this?" I complained that I could not think for the noise going on, he caught me up. "That is just what I want you to do; you must learn to concentrate your thoughts, so that it should not matter whether everything is silent or everybody talking around you." A counsel of perfection to which I am afraid I never attained. Generally genial in manner, his pupils will remember him, prompt, quick, decisive in his way of asking questions, with his brows knit, his pencil-case held to his lips. Then, if he disagreed with the answer, his sharp decisive "No, 't'aint," sometimes with a kindly smile playing over his deeply furrowed features, or with his whole countenance seemingly absorbed in thought. In his Form he

* The vacancy of this scholarship, after dragging on all the year, did not finally happen till March, '37, when I had become superannuated by a few weeks.

was, perhaps, better fitted, at that time, for a University lecture-room than for even one of the highest classes in a public school, where boys had to be kept up to the work before them. For instance, our modicum of classics for first lesson after breakfast was supposed to be 80 lines; yet we never knew how much we should get through; it might be only ten if any subject excited his interest. At other times he cleared the ground rapidly; then woe betide the fellow called up who pleaded that he had done no more than 80 lines from where they began that morning. He could hardly be called desultory when, full of information, he poured out his stores for us so freely. But at a word he would go off into a discursive disquisition which filled our note books with deeply interesting matter, but did not advance us much towards our knowledge of the text of the author we were reading. I recall two examples:—(1.) In Herodotus we came upon the story of Amasis of Egypt with Polycrates of Samos, and of the latter throwing into and recovering his gem from the sea. Thereupon Prince Lee gave us a *resumé* of the most famous antique gems which were to be found in the museums and cabinets of Europe, occupying all that remained of that lecture and the best part of the next. (2.) Our Divinity subject was the Acts of the Apostles in Greek. In the narrative of the conversion of Saul he not only examined the language, but, discussing the nature of the event, set before us the views of the German school of critics and especially of Rosenmüller, whom he was frequently quoting. He warned us against their conclusions with great diffuseness, but, I am afraid, leaving the impression that Addison playfully records as having been the state of Sir Roger de Coverley's mind, when the worthy knight gravely decides that "there was much to be said on either side." I kept my books with full notes taken down at the time with keen acquisitiveness for many a long year, but I never afterwards found leisure to re-write them, and they disappeared in some of the numerous removals incident to a young tutor's wandering, or curate's constricted and overtasked life in dense parishes. How it was that he turned out, as Master of King Edward VI. Grammar School, Birmingham, such exact scholars as Lightfoot, Swainson, and Westcott was a puzzle to me in after years.

It was early in this long half-year that I lighted, in reading Thucydides with him, upon the comparison between the Athenians, whom I loved, and the Lacedæmonians, whom I hated, in the funeral speech of Pericles.

Bk. ii., 39.—In the matter of education, whereas our enemies from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. . . . If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves rest. 40.—We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. . . . They are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of this life, do not, on that account shrink from danger. . . . When the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives. They ran away from the word of dishonour, but on the battlefield their feet stood fast; and while for an instant they were in the hands of fortune, at the height of glory, not of fear, they passed away. *Fowett's Translation.*

It is strange to look back so far distant in years, upon the fascination which this passage had for me, but it was very real at the time. It chimed in with the tone of my mind, the bent of my inclinations, and the surroundings in House and Form, to think that I could read discursively and yet be ready for any call made upon me by school duty. I liked doing the English themes which Lee was fond of giving, and I could knock them off with little reading, and yet secure some distinctive mark of approbation. So, too, I was mentioned more than once for Latin verse. In construing Livy, Prince Lee impressed upon us that the style was so clear that you had only to translate the words in their order, rendering carefully cases, etc., and the sense would come out as you finished the sentence. I found this an excellent help to scanty preparation, and could succeed in doing creditably, if called up, by just looking ahead of what the one then up was construing.

All the time thus saved was rather diffusely spent; part given to chemistry, in which I had no one to guide me, and nothing that would now be called a text book, better than "Griffin's Chemical Recreations," with his box of minerals and case of acids, all purchased out of pocket money.

As an aside incident the remembrance of an unlooked-for issue to an experiment through thoughtlessness brings amusement still. I had made some iodide of nitrogen, filtering off the nitric acid with blotting paper. The little black specks would not dry to the pressure on my time, so I put the blotting paper on the shovel in front of the fire and sat down at my desk on the other side of the study to cram up my work as hard as I could.

Absorbed in it I forgot all about the iodide, when lo, a loud explosion, and the fire-pan struck the wall just above my shoulder and fell down upon it. The results might have been awkward had the pan hit my head, only a few inches off, but it did not.

With Oct. Carey, Edward Male, and Albert Wratislaw especially I hunted up wild flowers and insects. I have the vivid picture still before my mind's eye of the coming in a grassy lane, on the north side of and nearly parallel to the Hillmorton road, where it spread out more widely between the low receding hedges, on a great patch of Euphrasy in the turf, bright-eyed indeed in the sweet sunlight.

I recollect, too, Wratislaw's discovering one of the rare coleoptera (*Platyrhinus* perhaps), given with his collection afterwards to the school museum, and which he re-discovered therein, when we visited it together not so very long before his death, covered with venerable dust.

Newman's Grammar, a dear book out of pocket money, was my teacher in entomology.

A stern reminder from Arnold of how to work, too little heeded, grew out of the Easter examination in the extra subjects, prepared out of school hours, which we took up in the higher classes. He, as his wont was, examined *viva voce*. I got on well in the rest, but my historical subject was an ambitious one, "The Thirty Years War." Yet in this, too, I was answering very fairly, till in a reply I mentioned the name of some place. At once came Arnold's incisive inquiry, "And where is so and so?" "In Germany," I vaguely replied, and stood at a loss. "That is no answer at all, sir; Germany is a large country," and then fell from his lips, "Never read history without a map at your side." So as my remembrancer of this ordeal I only possess a second class prize, "Coleridge's Literary Remains," then just published.

Then fell out matters which were to be to me of considerable after importance.

Not long before the midsummer joint examination of the two Fifts, I had had to take a small imposition of 50 lines up to Prince Lee. He looked at the half sheet of note paper on which in my little hand the lines were written, and, pursing up his lips, said, "Why, there are not 50 here." "Count them, sir," I blurted out indignantly, knowing that there were more, as I always wrote on to the end of the sentence in my Milton, when the full stop came beyond the number. He threw his head back with a gesture of impatience and irritation, and my imposition on his desk. I had not realised that, notwithstanding his usual suavity of manner, I was speaking to one of the most touchy and unforgetful of men; and that too bluntly for a pupil to his master.

The examination soon came on. The room at the desks was not enough to allow us to be properly separated. I found myself, one amongst a few, set to write the papers on a stool with my legs across it. In front of me was one of the biggest fellows in the school, T— —, similarly placed. He knew full well that according to Arnold's system of sending away big fellows who did not get into the Sixth, as more likely to do harm to others than to get good themselves, it was with him neck or nothing. We had not long settled to work before he began turning round to ask me the answers. At first I took no notice, then I threw out a word or two in reply, and afterwards only said that Prince Lee was looking on.

I suppose T— — watched his opportunity, for as I was entering the class room door for the next paper he kicked me severely, so much so that I suffered from sharp stabs of pain, not only then, but for months afterwards.

Later on in the examination Prince Lee called me up, and holding out a large sheet of paper, doubled up, said "Is this yours?" "Yes, sir," I answered. The question hardly needed asking, for my name was at the top writ large by myself. I waited for what he should say further, but he sent me back to my seat and laid the paper on his desk. Its history was this: One of our Latin subjects was Cicero "De Officiis," which I had got up *con amore*, and of which I was at the cost of making a minute analysis in divisions

and sub-divisions. This I drew out on a large sheet of scribbling paper.

I was shewing it, three weeks at least before the examination to a form-fellow from Price's House, when he asked me to lend it to him. I did so, and afterwards I could not get it back. Whether he took it into the examination room or not I never knew; for I did not see him before we broke up, nor did he return after midsummer. But I surmised that day that Prince Lee would remember the matter of the imposition and would probably give me a "Rowland for an Oliver" in "no marks" for my cherished Latin subject.

Then to my keen chagrin I found that though I had risen to the Sixth it was only in the last place, and that to my mind because there was an undeserved loss of hard-earned marks and a slur on my honour.

(To be continued.)